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the TANGENT

AN ANNUAL

1929



PRICE 35¢

R.D.



A MEDIEVAL ARTIST.

BY HARRY WALLACE.

THE TANGENT

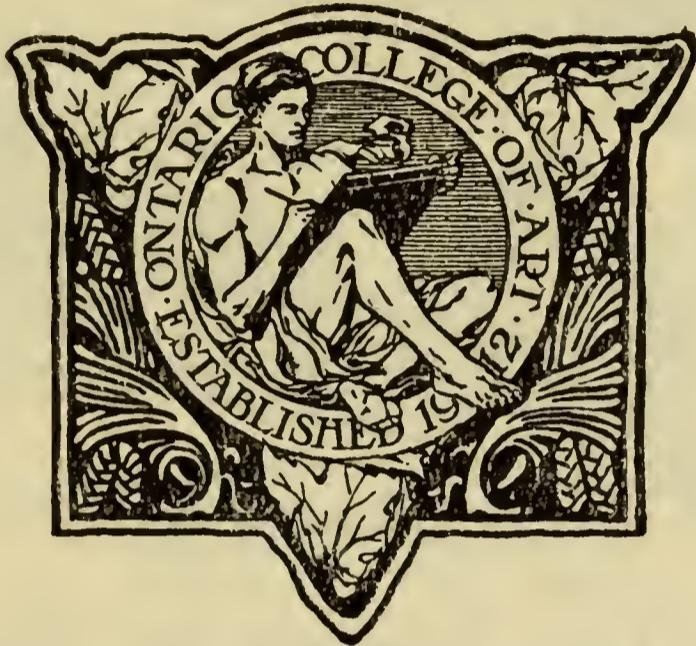
AN ANNUAL

MAY, 1929

PRODUCED AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' CLUB, ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART

Editor : L. RIDDELL.

Assistant Editors : PHYLLIS HARVEY. MARGARET STEVENSON.



Editorial Comment

WE have the honour of introducing to you this year's Ontario College of Art magazine. The baptismal name has been shortened from that of previous times to "The Tangent." This year it has a newly bedecked cover. The students produce and publish this magazine because they believe such a periodical is essential to the development of the artistic life of those within the college sphere, and that it is of benefit to those interested in Art. This little annual hopes to serve those who seek an expression in another medium, who wish to glean or pass on some new idea or truth, who desire to deepen an experience or relieve some monotony with gay repartee. In the future it may become not only one of the biggest factors of education at the Grange but an Art periodical of national repute.

Next year we hope our magazine will expand in size; the illustrations be more numerous, and a greater proportion of space taken up with advertisements. We cannot hope to attain the latter until we ourselves have proven that we have something of worth. We would ask the reader to note the 'ads'. Friends who inserted them had faith in our adventure. To those who procured the present ones we are very grateful. Indeed to all contributors for their support we say "Thank you."

May those following, to whom the torch of an intenser life has been thrown, possess the necessary humility, the faith, the strength and the loyalty to grasp the opportunity to serve the magazine so that ultimately it may become a truer expression of the abilities and ideals of the contributors.



Did This Happen to You?

BY "HER."

EVER since you've been old enough to understand, someone has told you of the beauties of European cathedrals, and particularly of English Cathedrals! That's what happened to me, too, when my friends returned from various trips abroad. So this summer I was quite prepared to enjoy every ruin to its fullest extent. And then something happened! Perhaps, at the first one, I told myself, too often, how thrilled I was. I'm not sure, but at any rate I really wasn't just as thrilled as I said I was! The day, the drive, and the mood were each better for my second ecclesiastical visit. However, I wasn't a bit sorry when tea-time came because I had never completely forgotten that it was coming. I hadn't been thoroughly "in tune," and it disgusted me to have to admit it. This state of affairs went on until I began to develop a "complex of ruins." And then, suddenly, they were all made the living things they are to me, by Westminster Abbey.

To be inside a great symphony, by Mendelssohn, and to be a part of it, that is a service in Westminster Abbey. From the first, breath-taking, mellow colours, and spirit-pleasing lights and darks, to the later discovered intricacies of lacey design; all of this, with the chant of the service to follow, forms the perfect whole.

Just to sit and watch the play of the sun, as it gleams in iridescent mistiness, turned rainbow by the myriad jewels of the great windows, is to see beauty in its essence. There are endless vistas continually revealing themselves, or, here and there being held in the golden grasp of a single ray of the

sun, which, like some firey finger points first to one carved column and then to another. Through a row of arches intertwining, the changing light plays as on a flute, touching one in brilliance and all others in lesser key, and this goes on from creviced wall to vaulted roof until one seems to be the nucleus of a great surge of movement. So that when the organ speaks, it is not as an isolated instrument, but the voice of the cathedral growing out of an already music-filled silence, and blending with the other to perfect the whole.

Each part of the service has its personification in the building itself. The deep and resonant tones of the male choir are the soaring pillars of broad base and flowing line, while the high, clear notes of the young boys are as the slender framework of the smaller windows, loftier still.

It is the kind of cathedral of which one might dream, where, unlike some others more coldly remote, human beings belong, and don't look out of place. The soft light enfolds all in its embrace, and harmonizes, and softens, that there may be no discordant note of colour.

I think it an almost perfect tribute of human people to their God, this symphony of Westminster Abbey.

By P.N.H.

Spring Opening

NOW Spring doth sit upon the hills,
And likewise in the valleys too;
And Robin by our window sills
Doth waken us ere we be due.

Now doth the gentle painter man
Reach down his little sketching box;
He putteth oil into his can
And jerketh on his hiking socks.

He gazeth at the bashful sky;
He wandereth by field and stream,
Where purple cows with crimson eye
List to the blue birds' nesting dream.

Like Spring he sitteth on the mound;
He singeth like the happy tramp,—
He spreadeth naught upon the ground,
And soon he feeleth cool and damp.

He prayeth for the light to stretch,
He laboreth in anxious pain;
And thus he painteth in his sketch,
And then he painteth out again.

J.E.H.M.

A Japanese Artist in Toronto

The following article is an extract from an unpublished account of his experiences in Canada and the United States, written by Mr. Yoshida Sekido, a well-known Japanese artist. Mr. Sekido studied for a time at the Ontario College of Art, and his reference to the late C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., will be of interest to former students and others interested in the art of the city.

IN Mr. Manly's class we were studying mostly vegetables, as the class was still life study: pumpkins, lemons and tomatoes. I always knew in Japanese conversation one who was called by the name of a vegetable was always not good, and even in America this was true, too. In Japanese, *Kabocha* (pumpkinhead) which means that he is good-for-nothing—and a bad actor on the stage we call *daiko*—which means turnip.

I found that still life was most important for western artist, but in Japan we don't think so, because still life is the subject for the beginner. In every country art study (even in music study), the subject for the beginner is most important, which is easy to start and hard to finish.

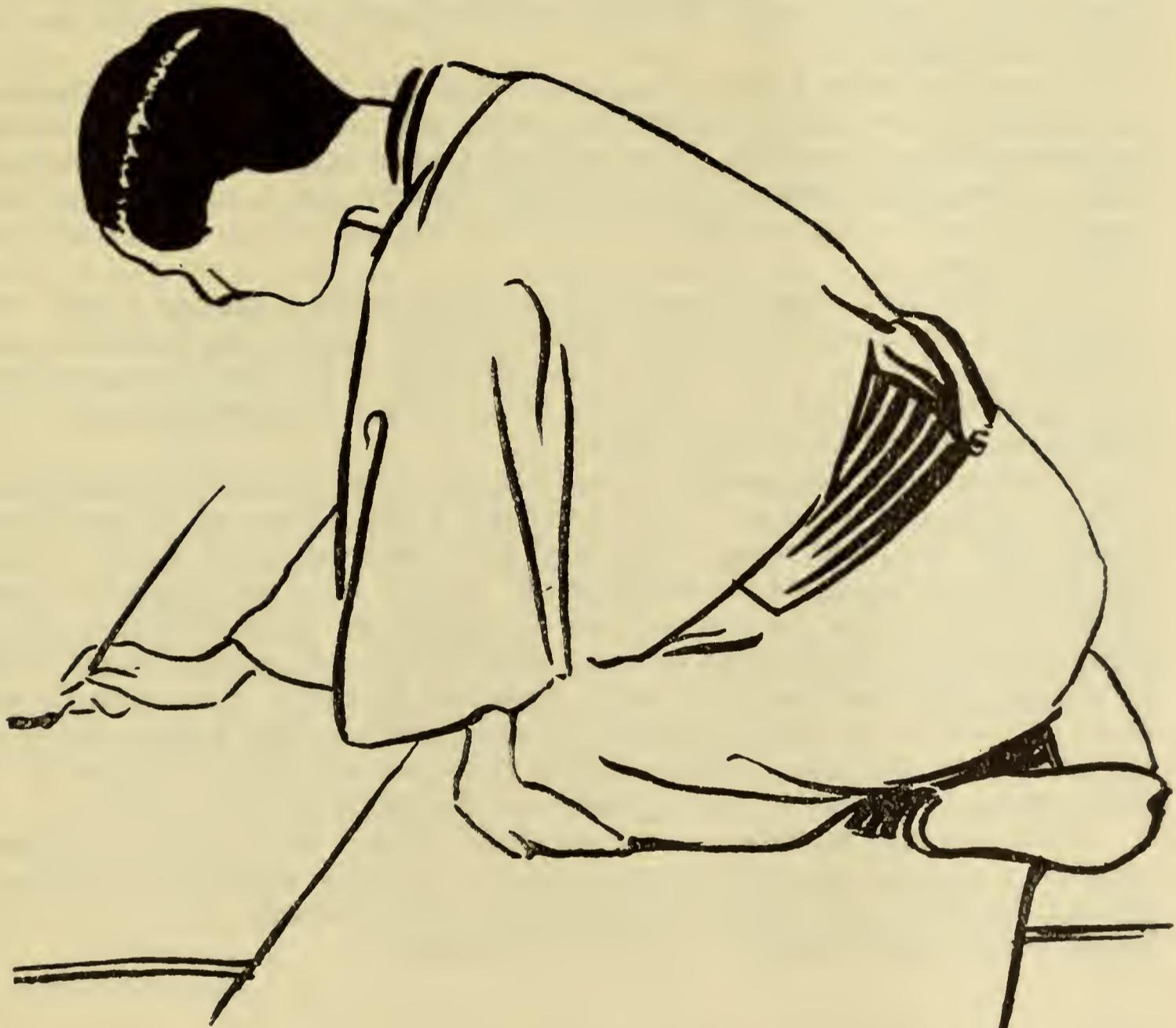
For Japanese art study, which is expression of the spirit, we study bamboo pictures in black and white, and every beginner thinks it is easy for him and wants to go on to the next subject, but when he becomes a good artist and acquires technique, he will find that the bamboo is really very difficult. Then he will go back to study it again to make himself more efficient in his ability. It is a very difficult subject and there is not so many artists who make good bamboo pictures. You don't think still life is for the beginner.

However, in our country, we think more of life drawing than of still life. Because, in still life study, we simply copy an apple, or an onion, but in life study we learn the construction and learn the lines and the way to model and the rhythm, and the beautiful coloring of the flesh. There are many subjects in one course. Perhaps western artist will say.

"You are right in a way, but in still life study we also learn the construction, line and modelling. If one paints an apple only with green and red without construction of the apple, which has a core and seeds inside, it is not a good still life. The only way to study the apple is to know the construction, and then you can express it."

"The great subject in still life study is composition and coloring. Of course, in life study there is beautiful colour for the flesh, but it is very simple. Only different colours on the background, give the tone of the flesh its realness. For example—if you put a strong green velvet back of a model, the flesh color shows as a purple, and if you put it on black the flesh becomes more white. We can't study colour more than that but in still life if we want red, we will make an apple or a tomato, and if we need black we will choose the egg-plant or the black plum to make the color composition as strong as we want or as graceful as we want. The group of vegetables sometimes is very beautiful in the outline. If you compose nice still life you can compose very good sketches for figure painting, and if you can express a nice piece of apple I am sure you can paint very real flesh colours."

"Art ability is like water. The water is always level and if you have ability in still life your ability in life study will be at the same level. Better study easy subjects of still life first."



Sekido painting . T.M. 23

Drawn from life by
THOREAU MACDONALD.

I was asked: "When do you think you can make the best pictures?"

I think it is known by everybody that when our thoughts are concentrated into the subject which we are going to paint that is the time we are going to make better pictures. Everybody knows that, but it is very hard to do. I had an experience which is good example for that:—One day, in the still life class, I found a very beautiful onion. The minute I saw it I had to paint it, and I composed it with the other subjects that I had started. As I liked to paint that onion all my mind was on it. Later, Mr. Manly came into the class, and he tapped on my shoulder with his finger and said, "Sekido, that onion is wonderful".

I was glad when I heard that word from Mr. Manly, but unfortunately my thoughts were detained from continuing the work to the finish, because he interrupted my thoughts. The spell was broken and then I could not continue to the finish again. I found myself hungry and I went to the lunch room. At last I could not finish that still life except for the onion itself, that only was done.

The next year, when I was in New York, when I wanted to get some books from my trunk, I saw that still life and I found that that onion was unusually good for my work. And I recalled that at the time I was not making myself do it until I was called by Mr. Manly. My thoughts were absolutely concentrated to it at the time.

I had another experience on concentration when I was living with Mr. Seiho, my master in Japan. I was making a big picture of a lotus flower in my spare time, and when I was tired with the work I was doing I would put it down and work on the water plant. A little later my instructor visited me to see my picture, to find out how I was getting along with it, as I was going to send it to an exhibition, and I had his criticisms on the lotus. While he was giving them he saw the water plant that I had painted and had tossed aside. He asked me who had painted it, and I told him that I had. He looked very surprised and said, "That is better than the big picture, because it has more spirit. It is clear to see the illusion with inspiration."

Every picture is shown like a picture, but still it has flesh and blood, which is translated by the brush and color. It is the expression of thought because the world of thought includes life and its experiences, the experiences being on the outside and the thought on the inside.

Yoshida Sekido.

Clouds

IN a great void of blue above there exist invisible highways upon which great waves of water-dust or mist go on eternally. By a vast majority of people they are thought of little or no value. To many indeed they may seem mere erratic wanderers coming from nowhere and going nowhere, just drifting and sailing in any climate, hot, cold, or temperate, over any territory and at any level.

Little do we realize the gigantic undertakings of these vapourous forms for without the clouds our earth would be a seared dry globe, desolate as the moon; no rivers, streams, lakes or oceans, no forest nor living creatures.

During the centuries the clouds have hauled the oceans into the air and hurled them down on the land in millions of cubic miles of water. Thus they have carved out great valleys. The Grand Canyon is but a minor feat of yesterday's work. Mighty mountains have been reduced from realms of eternal snow to mere grass hills. They have filled in vast ravines and carved figures in rocks.

Often nature seems to be playing tricks for lo! in a perfectly clear day there appears a wisp of vapour. It may presently disappear or grow into the great warrior clouds, which may set out on a terrorizing rampage that plunges the earth beneath into a lurid gloom. What causes them? you may ask. Heat is the master cloud. Water, or all matter is composed of rapidly vibrating molecules that are huddled close together. On the surface of large bodies of water these molecules become heated by the sun's rays. They are finally drawn into the air. They are composed of oxygen and hydrogen and rise just as a gas balloon. Upon reaching a level, where the temperature is lower, these molecules begin to clasp one another and struggle frantically. When myriads of them congregate a cloud mass is formed. Later streams, mud puddles, dew drops, drying clothes and other minor contributions all help to build up a cloud harvest.

There are different cloud levels, the lower cloud region, the intermediate belt and the clouds that brush the "dead line" or in other words the roof of cloud atmosphere. Between each region is a condition unfavorable to cloud formations. However, entirely ignoring these intermediary regions great swollen storm clouds may heave up a boiling mass straight to the ceiling. There is a heavy mortality among the clouds. It frequently happens that a current of dry air mixes with the water vapour or saturated air and causes it to diffuse. The sun from above may heat the moisture and again cause the molecules to rise. Thus the beautiful image passes into nothingness, as condensation also plays heavily upon their existence.

The main type of clouds are, cirrus, cumulus, stratus and nimbus. There are the combinations of these as for example: Cirro-stratus, cirro-cumulus, strati-cumulus, and cumulo-nimbus (thunder cloud).

The lower cloud regions are composed of nimbus, stratus, cumulus. The intermediate cloud levels are composed of such types as alte-cumulus, strati-cumulus and what are termed turreted alto-cumulus. The upper clouds comprise the cerrus, cirro-stratus, cirro-cumulus, which are as high as seven miles at times. All cloud levels are higher in the summer than they are in winter.

The shape of the cloud depends upon the type, the condition of the air pressure, the heat and humidity. The magnificent thunder cloud (cumulo-nimbus) is built up by a terrific up-rush of warm air in a perpendicular movement, which may cause the cloud to overflow on the "dead line", where it may present for miles a great anvil-shaped mass. It is often called false cirrus. Indeed so violent may the vertical movement be that the great bulbous appearance of the thunder cloud in the course of a few hours becomes but a swivel of false cirrus. From cumulo-nimbus lightning bolts flash and large drops of rain fall. The cumulo-nimbus is readily distinguished by its magnificently mountainous form that festoons our skies during the warm periods in spring, summer, and fall.

The simple cumulus is formed by a far less violent column of warm ascending air. This cloud is easily recognized by a flat, dark base, supporting

a large balloon, or ball-shaped mass. Cumulus may grow into cumulo-nimbus at times. Frequently at the passage of low pressure currents and the entrance of high pressure, when the wind may blow a gale, the cumulus may be torn or fleeced. Fracto-cumulus is the term for this cloud.

Nimbus, rain cloud, and stratus are formed by an oblique ascension of air giving them a blanket-like form without the churned appearance of the cumulous type. The nimbus are practically roofless, being low pressure clouds entirely. Stratus clouds, lifted fog, present long low-lying sheets that stretch for miles across the heavens. Stratus are typical sunset clouds. Wind-torn nimbus and stratus are termed fracto-nimbus or scud, and fracto-stratus. The waved form of alto-cumulus, strati-cumulus and cirro-cumulus are formed either by one current of air travelling at a greater rate of speed than another, or the juxtaposition of warm and cool stratas of air side by side. These set up a quivering so that the whole sky may be beautifully inlaid with a mottled pattern.

Cirrus and cirro-stratus are largely composed of ice crystals and at times may travel at a tremendous rate of speed. Cirrus if moving quickly predict trouble or a deep low pressure area. Cirrus, bunched cirrus (cirrus-uncinus, and cirro-stratus may become detached from thunderstorm tops. The long gauzy veils and streamers of a hairy appearance distinguish the common cirrus. Cirro-stratus are great sheets that may cover the entire sky, giving it a milky appearance. There are odd clouds, bearing peculiar names, of which a word may be said. It frequently happens in severe cold spells a peculiar armed or areoplane shaped cloud appears in the sky, that may be practically motionless. The name of this cloud is ci-cumulus lenticularis or lenticular alto-stratus. On the under side of a cumbo-nimbus of the anvil type, in the vicinity of tornado, or extreme electric storms, a grotesque formation resembling a honeycomb or dirty finger-prints may be seen. At times it boils with terrifying rapidity. These clouds are termed mammato-cumulus or mammato alti-stratus.

The worldcloud distribution is not the same. The clouds are at their best over rolling meadows, plains, forests and hot jungles. They may wholly pass over deserts, as the dry air is most unfavorable to cloud materials.

The greatest cloud formation occurs over the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains, when the monsoons blow from the ocean. Down into Burma, into the narrow peninsula the Strait Settlement, astride the Equator is the meeting place, it would seem, for all the clouds in the world's atmosphere. Over the village of Cherrapungi, in Assam, is the most congested spot of all even in this congested area. In the Amazon Valley, at the foot of the Andes, is the second largest cloud pocket. From here we go to the south-west coast of Africa, just where the land turns southward again. The fourth largest cloud congregation occurs on the west coast of North America from Alaska down to the British Columbian coast.

Let us learn to appreciate the clouds. There is scarcely a nature study more interesting and, as yet, so little comprehended. To the nature lover a close study of clouds will certainly afford plenty of interest. To the landscape artist it is most necessary. Mere optical observation, without some scientific foundation, is not enough. In a sketching class in the open there was a certain student who had a great love for clouds and hoped to paint them. Choosing some simple cumulus for her subject. I happened to see her work and at once I realized how a little practical knowledge would have

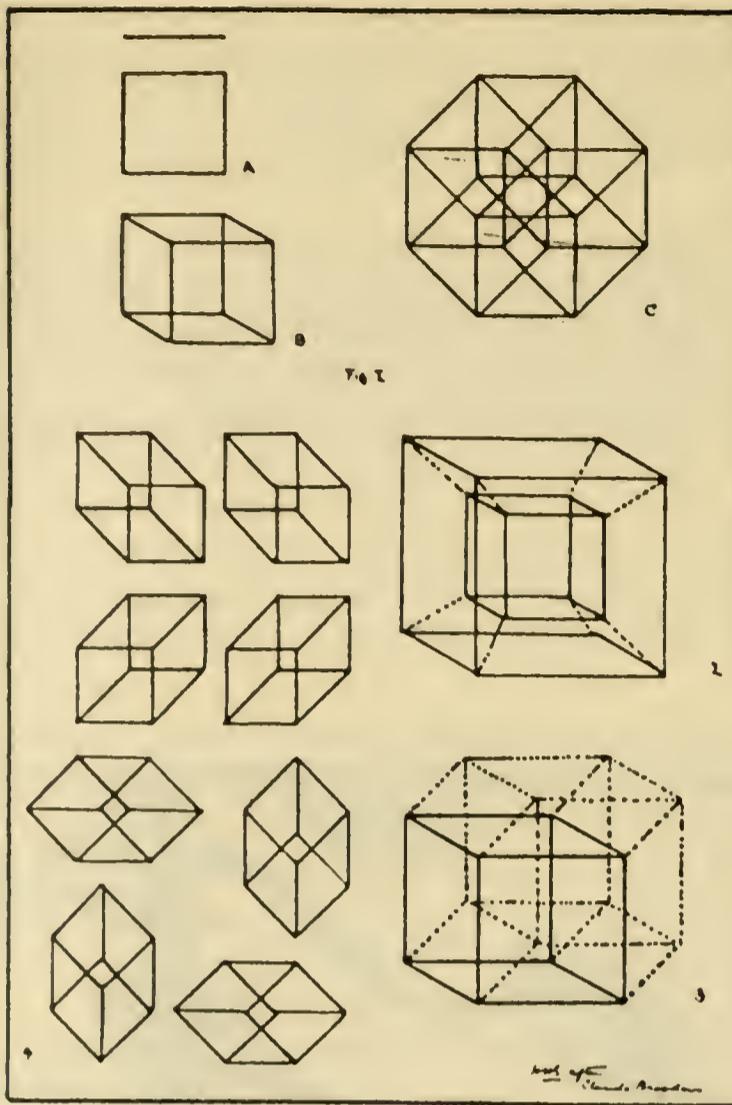
helped. Here she was, using her brush in large ovals, ignoring the fact of a flat base or, using horizontal strokes, hoping to suggest that wonderful mushroom shaped form. She was not aware of the fact that those clouds were inflated air sacks, because of the streams of warm air rising in a perpendicular movement.

Again, one unfamiliar with cloud anatomy and classification may be at his wit's end, when, upon sketching a great cumulo-nimbus, he finds to his horror a layer of stratus clouds completely blotting out the grandeur of the cloud mass, thousands of feet above. What can he do? Do!! Nothing, if he hasn't a genius for observation or has no practical knowledge.

WINCHELL PRICE.



Carl Schreyer 1928



The "Fourth" Dimension

Notes from an address to Design Students on "Magic Squares and The Fourth Dimension."

BY HERBERT H. STANFIELD.

(With acknowledgments to Claude Brogden.)

"SO it is today. We too, witness a classic-mathematical renaissance. It is bringing us to a new vision of human life. That is why it is necessary to insist upon life as a dance. This is not a mere metaphor. The dance is the rule of number and of rythm, and of order, of the controlling influence of form, of the subordination of the parts to the whole. That is what a dance is. . . . We are strictly correct when we regard not only life but the universe as a dance. For the universe is made up of a number of elements, less than a hundred and the "periodic law" of their elements is metrical. They are ranged, that is to say not haphazard, not in groups, but by number and those of like quality appear at fixed and regular intervals. Thus our world is, even fundamentally, a dance, a single metrical stanza in a poem which will be for ever hidden from us, except in so far as philosophers, who are today even here applying the methods of mathematics, may believe that they have imparted to it the character of objective knowledge."

—Havelock Ellis in "The Dance of Life."

Claude Brogden, in his books dealing with the fourth dimensional idea, has developed what he calls "projective" ornament, by means of the geometry involved in the mathematical concept of the fourth dimension, and he has further pointed out in his work on magic squares (and hinted at in the above quotation) that man's supremacy consists largely on his ability to count—on numbers—that he is a manifestation of form and force of a metrical character—expressed through rythm—a quality inherent in number.

Mathematics is concerned today not only with one, two, or three dimensional space problems, but with n -dimensional space. Psychology is exploring, and finding, a subconscious strata of mind as well as a super-conscious, while philosophy and religion, trying to apprehend life more through the process of intuition is finding a mystical experience opening a new door to life; and science, through its analysis of the minute to the election, and its sweep of the universes through relativity and allied thought is also leading us through still another door into the hitherto unknown—rather loosely called—fourth dimension—all of which is certainly giving us the evidence that consciousness is moving in a new direction. This "fourth dimension" may be roughly defined as a direction at right angles to every other known direction. It is a hyperspace, related to our sphere of three dimensions as the surface of a solid is related to its volume; it is the withinness of the within, the outside of externality.

But this thou must not think to find
With eyes of body, but of mind.

We cannot picture it, nor point to it, though every point is the beginning of a pathway out of it or into it.

From the point of view of the artist trying to make use of a new idea it matters little* whether we accept the reality of hyperspace—or the hyperdimensionality of matter—the fact remains that fourth dimensional geometry opens a rich field for the artist, and the richness and quality of the figures increases as we mount to higher and higher spaces, each extending in a direction not included in the lower one.

As we cannot (at present—consciously) enter the fourth dimension we must attempt to picture it, and this is, happily, possible to some degree; for, even as on a sheet of paper we do not enter the third dimension as long as we confine ourselves to the sheet of paper—we must seek some form of representing the higher in the lower. So, just as in geometry, and perspective, we represent three dimensional space on the surface of a piece of paper—i.e., a solid shown on a plane—so we must extend our method to represent a hypersolid.

We must represent a figure of three dimensions, say a cube, on a plane surface and on this plane then—our sheet of paper—represent its projection into the fourth dimension. This will give us the perspective of a perspective, which, with some of the hypersolids that can be developed would be a highly complicated and intricate effort; but for our present purpose—the finding of a new form—we will begin with a cube and find its fourth dimensional projection, i.e., a tesseract.

To clear the way let us project our cube first. We will begin with a point which we will move a unit distance of one inch; this generates a line; next

*Psychologically, of course, it matters greatly, but not for purposes of projective illustration.

move the line at right angles to itself making a plane (square) with an area of an inch. We now move the square one inch at right angles to its surface and we make a cube one inch high, wide, and long. It remains now to move the cube itself one inch in a direction which will be at right angles to its length, breadth and thickness, but not parallel to either, and we have the tesseract. We know that our cube has eight corners, or points, twelve edges, or lines, and six faces. In its generation into the tesseract we shall have sixteen points, thirty-two lines, and twenty-four faces; a combination of eight solids. Illustrations will make this clear. At A fig. I we have the square, which at B we have generated into a cube, and at C the tesseract or hyper cube generated from the movement of the cube into the fourth dimension.

Just as we developed our cube from the square by moving the square in a direction at right angles to its two dimensions, a distance equal to the length of one of its sides, so by a similar movement of the whole cube, as explained above, we shall develop a tesseract. This movement is shown in our paper as being in any direction we may decide upon. The resultant figure from our square is a cube shown in isometric perspective. "Now let us, in thought, develop a hypercube. We must conceive of a cube moving into the fourth dimension a distance equal to the length of one of its sides. We can, as before, assume this direction to be anywhere we like. Let it be diagonally downward to the left. In this position we draw a second cube to represent the first at the end of its motion into the fourth dimension, and because each point has traced out a line, and each line a square and each square a cube, we must connect, by lines, all the vertices of the first cube with the corresponding vertices of the second. The resultant figure will be a perspective of a tesseract, or rather the perspective of a perspective, for it is a two-dimensional representation of a four dimensional form—C Fig. 1.

If we have drawn this form as described above we shall be able to identify the eight cubes by which it is bounded—the two at the beginning and end of the motion, and the six developed by the movement of the six faces of the cube into four dimensional space. Figure 4 will help us to do this.

Realizing how, by the use of geometry, we have a means of developing ornamental forms, we shall see at once that the forms presented to us by the development of the tesseract, and other hyper space solids may provide us with forms hitherto unthought of, which will spur our imagination in an entirely new direction. While ordinary plane figures, the triangle the square, etc., are comprehended in terms of two dimensions, the projected figures of the cube, the tetrahedron, etc., portray figures of solids in three dimensions, while those of the tesseract the pentahedron, and the still higher one, the hexadecahedroid, portray relationships peculiar to four dimensional space; and it must be noted that the decorative value of these shapes increases as they progress from dimension to dimension.

In trying to work out exercises in this direction it must be remembered that every plane figure has its three dimensional correspondence, to which it is a boundary or a cross section, and these latter in turn may be considered or conceived of as boundaries or sections of four or higher dimensional shapes.

What we have considered is the merest hint of what the fourth dimension means, and only from the point of view of making artistic use of the representation of a new form arising out of a new idea—i.e., a new movement in time and space: it may, however, be as well to hint at other conclu-

sions which cannot be escaped once the idea of another direction in space enters our consciousness. For it will at once be asked, if a plane is the boundary or cross section of a solid, then what do solids bound? and is what we see but the moving facets, cross sections or projections of higher forms of whose actual shape we have no conception at all? We are in the realm of speculation, but it is speculation that has gone on for many years in the religion and philosophy of the race. The problem brings up the question of interchangability of time and space, whether the one is but an aspect of the other and vice versa; the new knowledge which we have of the subconscious would appear to prove this. All of which opens up a vista of possibilities to the mind of man hitherto undreamed of, and the latest scientific experiments with a vacuum tube which can cook a sausage or an apple from the inside outwards without altering the temperature of the surrounding air still further shows that there is a way of finding the "throughness" of things yet to be explored. In the same way man may raise his vibratory action in the seal of cosmic consciousness at the back of the brain and find that walls have become transparent as glass, and thoughts as pictures on a screen, again giving us a hint of a special concept not hitherto included in our knowledge of time and space.

The Muse

Fair Muse of Art, pray smile on us
Who follow thee afar,
Petitioning, with fearful grace,
Some boon from Fortune's star;

Whose brightness lights the azure dome,
Above the hazy heights,
Where Fame alone holds envied sway
Among the lesser lights:

Which many seek with eager hands,
Yet striving, fail to clutch;
For few there be who e'er succeed
The glowing torch to touch.

O Muse! whose brightness fills the pen,
Whose light the brush inspires,
Shed of thy radiance, a beam,
And kindle genius' fires.

MARGARET PEAKE BENTON.



"D.M."

Pen Drawing by D. McCarthy.
ANATOMY—A STUDY OF BONES.

Worried Warblings

(A Study in Verse—Loose, if not Free.)

EDGAR NOFFKE.

In language that's crude,
Perhaps colourful,
Or rough,
I'll give you an earful
Of inside stuff.

At the College of Art
The worries we meet
Are varied and many,
And never complete.

With cash in our pockets,
And hope in our eyes,
We crowd to the hallway
To buy our supplies.

We shove thru' the thicket,
That stand there about,
To get to the wicket,
Just to hear "We're sold out."

And, too, I could tell
Of a maiden fair,
Who almost tore her auburn hair,
While uttering a terrible "HELL."

When Mr. Porter,
Cutting a caper,
Refused to sell her
Her favourite paper.

Another worry that we face
Is the one of parking space;
'Round the model we all crowd,
In the front row sit the proud.
Proud, because they grabbed a chair,
Ere the thundering herd got there.
Smug expression on their map,
That's the kind you'd like to slap.
If by innocent mistake,
Someone else's place you take,
Then look out!
How they shout!—

“Blankety-blank” is often heard
(Mustn’t print the naughty word).
When the smoke of battle cools,
We all feel like darnéd fools.
Thru’ the peaceful working hum
Comes the sound of cracking gum,
Smacking loud, and far and wide
She chews her “Spearmint” with pride.

In this room of jar and strife
We do Still Life,
Though you might wonder how,
To hear the row.

How we despise those dirty “snoops”
Who run around and disturb our groups,
And shoving our vases
On the soft (?) cement floor,
Or crumpling the drapery,
Where ’twas smooth before.

Our locker space
Is sheer disgrace.
Two try to squeeze
Their stuff in these,
With only room for one.
And say, do we have fun
With all our junk?
Well, it’s the bunk!

With the Commercial Art Class
We have no complaint;
When they count up attendance,
A class there just ain’t.

Assorted worries we have, too,
That concern us all, ’tis true.
For after we’re thru’ a hard day’s work,
We must attend lectures we’d like to shirk!

Art History, Anatomy,
To these we are subjected.
A rumour has been spread about
We also must take Perspective.

When into Design Class we do go,
We hear tales of horrible woe;
Of principles and problems of measurements
and stuff,
Until the toughest of us has to yell “enough!”

Our bread-line is notorious,
That's putting it quite mild;
If one would be victorious
He has to shove like wild.
For when the door is opened,
The crowd begins to cry,
"Say, stand upon your own feet,"
And "Your elbow's in my pie."

For if by chance
You're first in line,
A sacred rite—
Success, sublime—
It won't be long,
Ere the hungry throng,
With growl and grunt,
Shoves to the front.

But at last you win the fray,
And with vitaminous tray
To a table wend your way,
All the worries that you had,
You forget right then, by gad!

Youth

BY AGNES JOYNES.

I AM Youth! You all know me—a gay, laughing elf;
I am Youth, and there's grace in my movement, and health;
I run with the winds and I dance in the sun,
I sip from the dewdrop while sands of Time run.

I lie on the banks of cool streams at my leisure,
I race butterflies in the garden of Pleasure,
I dream mid the rosy, soft clouds of the West
When the sun has gone down, and the Old think of rest.

I bask in the shade of the spotted field lily,
I'm a sad, strange, wild sprite in the evening, when stilly
The moon hangs its crescent above the blue hills,
And the soft, pearly mists rise above singing rills.

I dance on the green where the daffodil blows,
I play hide-and-seek with the bluebell and rose,
Or, chained to the wheel in the dank city mires,
My eye finds the rainbow above the tall spires.

You may prison the body that holds me, but I,
The glad sprite, on swift wings mount the sky.
I am Gladness, I'm Sadness, I'm Smiles, I am Tears,
I am one with the birdsong, and love through the Years.

See the Pretty Picture!

BY F. ALAN RUSSELL.

(Written—August, 1928)

“ that the secrets of art are best learned in secret, and that Beauty, like Wisdom, loves the lonely worshipper.”—Wilde.

YOU are to imagine yourself in that fair haunt of the Graces—the Art Gallery at the Canadian National Exhibition. We will assume that you have already parted with the necessary ten cents—whisper it not in Gath, but there is a peanut-stand around the corner where it might have been spent to much better advantage—and are, therefore, privileged to examine and criticize. You were wise to come. Think of your embarrassment afterwards if forced to admit that you had not “been to see the Art”! Steel your heart, ignore the peanut-man, and attune your spirit to things that matter.

If you wish to do the thing properly—to keep in the true artistic swim, that is—you will be well advised to model your appearance and general deportment on the approved pattern. You will, first of all, dress as vulgarly as possible. This is not at all difficult—you have only to go to the average tailor, dressmaker, milliner and haberdasher, as your sex demands, and leave all the details to him or her. If you take an out-size in shoes, so much the better; as your enthusiastic tread echoes from room to room, you will draw envious glances from those not so well equipped. It is true that there are, here and there, gentlemen with generous masculine extremities who walk quietly—they also carry their hats in their hands, say little, and avoid obstructing other people’s view; but, after all, what can they—poor, well-bred fools—know of the intense enthusiasm that free-born Canadians such as you and I feel for the beauties of Art?

By the way, I hope you have provided yourself with a catalogue. Remember to take it home. It lends such an air of culture to a drawing-room, and impresses visitors most favourably.

In the matter of voice, you will show your adherence to fashion by exclaiming loudly on all possible occasions. For this purpose the standard Canadian voice is unsurpassed. (In any other surroundings I might suggest the possible superiority, in this regard, of our cousins to the south. But remember where we are. We must preserve our national pride.) Praise should be lavish when the canvas is a Canadian one, but cautiously given to foreign contributions. In order to properly effect such a discrimination without the possible embarrassment of unwittingly praising British or European work, it is well to observe a much-admired ritual. First, approach the canvas in a lofty manner until you are directly in front of one or more persons, at which point stop, and, ignoring the fact that you look ridiculously like an American tourist, complete with guide-book, peruse your catalogue for information regarding title and artist. In this you are aided by the numbers pasted to the canvas. Now step forward or backward, as the case may be, until you are not more than one yard from the painting, and pro-

nounce judgment, always bearing in mind whether it is to be favourable or otherwise. (You may strike an attitude if you wish—it is quite the thing.) In the case of the Group of Seven, you cannot go wrong. The proper expressions are “What power! What rhythm! What poise! What balance!” Or “How fresh! How vital! How virile! How rugged!” If, however, you come on the effort of an alien, you will give it one perfunctory glance, delicately elevate your nose, and weariedly pass to the next, leaving in your wake such murmurings as “So decadent, my dear! The product of an over-sophisticated, effete civilization.”

This latter rule has, however, its modifications. Let us suppose that you are viewing one of the unusual canvases of the late Charles Sims, R.A. If you are properly conversant with matters artistic you will recall that this unfortunate gentleman had occasion to wage bitter warfare on the subject of His Majesty's lower limbs. You will further recall that he was reputed to have lost the kindly light of reason, and after some time passed from this world in no very legitimate manner. Remembering which, you will smile mysteriously, and commence a variant of your previous eulogies. Somewhat in this sort—“What insight! What sympathy! What imagination! What sublime disregard of convention!” and such other appropriate terms as may occur to you. Thus do you show your catholicity of taste and breadth of artistic outlook.

If, afterwards, you find that your Olympian critics do not agree with you on each and every point—if Mr. Stewart Dick, in one of his lucid intervals, praises Zuloaga's “Castilian Shepherd,” or speaks disparagingly of Canadian portraiture—do not be put out. Resume your study of the current journals, and you will observe a swift relapse—after all, Lawren Harris *is* an “idealist,” and Canadian landscape painting *is* so “fresh” and “vital.” Have you ever seen new paint on the walls of a public lavatory, gentle reader? It, too, is fresh, and probably very vital as well, or they would not have put it there.

I might add this, that “art-lovers” should remember two things. Firstly, that the recent display found the best European artists unrepresented. (True, there was the Zuloaga aforementioned, but it was distinctly an exception, and the presence of a Brangwyn and a Russell Flint among the water colours, while very commendable, naturally did little to tone up the standard of the oils. Secondly, that most Canadian artists have a great deal to learn—their “vigour” and “virility” notwithstanding—and would do well to resist the narrowing effect of the falsely nationalistic propaganda preached by some. (I heard, not long ago, a prominent Toronto artist seriously advising some students not to go abroad for study, as there was nothing worth learning, nothing worth seeing, in all the studios and galleries of Europe!)

There is, too, a third thing. I have, in fact, just remembered it—I trust that you may also remember it.

It is this:

There are very few living artists—and not such an awfully big whack of the dead ones, either—worth any sort of comment whatever.



LINOLEUM CUT.

G. F. ARBUCKLE.

What People Think of My Art

BY G. F. ARBUCKLE.

SUCH a topic is rather difficult. A more true heading, perhaps, would be—"What I think people think of my art." But, alas, it has been proven that no man can truly understand himself or discover the thoughts of others. By necessity, therefore, I must use a kind of finesse, which will result in something seemingly profound, but in reality, will reveal nothing.

Being among those fortunate (?) enough to attend a college of art, my artistic impulses usually culminate, rise to fever pitch, and "burst or fizzle" there, and from there I gain much information concerning what people think of my art.

The kinds of criticism and thought may be roughly divided into four or five classes. First, the most intelligent group who admit they know nothing about art. It is quite true that they know nothing about art, yet they have the audacity to take upon themselves the cloak of divine criticism. Their criticism is usually, and in my case, quite adverse and biting. It rankle's in one's mind because one must admit that their judgment is often very true. However, one salves the wound by remembering that the accusers themselves are not "so good". Another helpful thought is to remember that many of the old masters were considered "pretty rotten."

Secondly, the kind who believe they know everything. The individual of this type most often tells me I am mighty fine to my face and, judging from his comments on others, undoubtedly scorches me from behind. I care very little about their criticism for it is like themselves and their own attempts in art, despicable and small.

The third class of these sad students is composed of poor innocent "dubs" whom no other institution would ever accept. Somehow or other, with cow-like simplicity, they trust that 'art' will suddenly descend upon them and, with a single touch, instill immortal fervor. Somehow or other I feel that this helpless lot enfolds the writer as one of themselves. They are wistfully hopeful and patiently non-committal in what they say.

Then there are my so-called personal friends. In a dear, kindly, clumsy way they try to tell me how poor is my conception of art. But every now and then my friends flatter me an unholy lot, and I flatter them too, so we drift along very happily.

Last, but not least, at the college are the instructors. How their poor conscience must hurt when they make their fine attempts to interest their students more deeply in art. Any consideration of my "art" is effectively hidden under a heavy business-like mask, which, however, I know they would break if I had just the courage to ask them. If I did question an instructor and if he did tell me I was "mighty fine" I would swear by him for life and become as egotistical as old nick. But if he said I was bound for utter ruin, I am afraid my sense of humour would leave me and I would probably attempt to knock the poor man's head off. It is, perhaps, just as well that I lack the courage to question an instructor.

One finds out things at examinations, of course, but who ever accepts

their rulings? It is a very strange thing indeed that almost every art student believes that he alone possesses the soul of an artist and that all the rest are pathetic fools.

Outside the school I can impress my country cousins quite easily when I flaunt and wave my iota of art like a flag, but alas, in the presence of one who knows, I collapse to my proper significance.

In the world of art and in the kindergarten, which is the art school, I see failures dropping all around like nine-pins. It takes courage and conviction to walk out bravely. Greatly do I realize how much stronger and more fitted we would be if we could only truthfully say—"we don't give a damn what people think of our art."

G.F.A.



The Masquerade

Stage Directions

FREDA PEPPER.



ACT ONE:—*Scene One.*

PLACE.—The interior revealed is that of the Costume Classroom of the Ontario College of Art. Judging by the backgrounds in different sketches the colour of the walls vary according to the spectator. To the right of the entrance there is a wooden partition. At one near end of this a door. In the back wall above radiators is a long row of windows. There is a platform on the left, on which a gypsy girl is posed. The decorations consist mainly in groups of Still Life, arranged at intervals along the edges of the room. The furniture consists of chairs and easels. Art students fill the room.

TIME.—It is four o'clock, Thursday, January the thirty-first.

ENTER.—A monitor student, arrayed in the inevitable old smock. He comes in casually, grunts thoughtfully, before proceeding to get attention. Then having made several fruitless attempts he announces—

"No more models until after the masquerade. All regular classes will cease with the bell to-night."

At this report down come pencils, palettes, erasers and sketch boxes for to-morrow they take up new weapons.

Scene Two—

Everybody amidst much excitement is homeward bound to make costumes.

ACT TWO—*Scene One—*

TIME.—The following day.

PLACE.—An interior, the same, though much enlarged. Partitions have been removed. Still Life groups have been stowed away, the model is having a long rest. Pails of paint, yards of factory cotton, huge paint brushes have come to the fore. A whole college is to be transformed in a week. First year students are designing a hundred and sixty shields. Boys are cutting beaver board for that purpose. They are proving themselves not only artists but excellent impromptu carpenters. At the east end of the huge room students are painting scenery. Nearby a group is executing ten tapestry designs. The walls are being transformed by means of hessian so painted as to appear to be stones. On the stage, up centre, is the principal keeping himself and others busy.

Scene Two—

Another interior at the front of the College. Fourth year students in the glory of their wisdom and acquired skill are producing wondrous effects. There is an air of mystery.

Scene Three—

Craft students are struggling with huge sheets of brassy metal in order to camouflage modern electric lights.

ACT THREE—*Scene One—*

A spacious court with stone walls hung with gorgeous tapestries and bordered at the ceiling with great shields, brilliantly coloured. There is a balcony and staircase which has been made into battlement and arch. At the right end of this court of courts, there is a vista of trees and most realistic castles.

At the left the customary dark dungeon of the period strikes awe to its beholders. Through two doorways may be glimpsed long halls shield bedecked.

Scene Two—

The great hall of the castle. There is iron candelabra and pottery. Refreshments are served here.

ACT THREE—*Scene Three—*

TIME.—The third day.

PERIOD.—King Arthur's Court.

PLACE.—The square room, which has been draped in hessian. A lovely shield hangs between two convincing pole axes on the east wall. A beautiful setting of blue and silver, made magic with weird lighting, has been made for the Holy Grail itself. Three ladies and a Knight are gazing upon it.

ACT FOUR—

The day of the Great Ball itself.

King Arthur and his court, Knight and Lady, Lord and Dame. Flashing colour, relieved by the dourness of sombre saints, black-clad nuns and monks, who cross themselves. The stately Grand march.

ACT FIVE—

The herald summons the court and gives the decision of royalty in the matter of merit awarded to costume.

First prize for ladies—Miss Gwen Hutton.

First prize for men—George Arbuckle.

Best man and maid—Miss Dorothy Stone and Narcisse Pelletier.

Second prize for ladies—Lillian Moreland.

Second prize for men—Frank Tate.

Lines to a Sword

BY ALAN RUSSELL.

WHEN laughter and tears and Earth's fairness are naught but one weariness,
And we shall have come to the ultimate end of our journeying:
When your great scars, and the strange fashioning of you
Shall trouble the gods at their feasting, and hush their deep laughter—
Sword, I shall smile in the shadows, and sleep.



DECORATIVE DRAWING.

ST. CLAIRE MACDONALD.

Our English Contemporaries ; or, The Royal Academy

Something faintly rude written in all seriousness by "Iler"!

IT has been said that art is the one thing about which every one may have an opinion. That, I am sure, is the reason most of the public go to art galleries. The feeling of freedom and abandon found there intoxicates them.

Very well! I went to galleries all summer in Europe, but mind you, not as a member of the much-despised public. I went as an artist. Oh, my yes, let there be no mistake on that score. However, let it be known from the first, that I cherished a secret and ardent desire to visit above all others the Royal Academy, at Burlington House, London, S.W.

We arrived in London! All meals were eaten in anticipation, all busses mounted with the buoyant step of one about to achieve a long-hoped-for ambition. The day dawned, perhaps I should say, the street lights were extinguished, and semi-darkness reigned, for this is indeed London.

The catalogue, a squat green book, most resembling a particularly inclusive telephone directory, is purchased and off we go, the two of us, prepared for thrills! Prepared for the thrills of Augustus John's imagination; Laura Knight's most excellent drawing; Orpen's of renown; weirdnesses by the late Mr. Sims; Russel Flints, Braugwyn's, and a myriad more excitements.

Into the first room we pranced; there on the walls hung a number of small, pale, parlor sketches, of cloudy and cloudless landscapes, very pretty, but slightly uninteresting, and wholly uninspiring.

We walked into the next room with very little comment, and found one smallish, hasty Orpen, and a number of small, pale, parlor sketches of cloudy and cloudless landscapes, very pretty—but we made no remarks, and passed into another room and then, into five, or eleven, similar rooms filled with a number of small, pale, parlor sketches of cloudy and cloudless landscapes, very pretty—But——

Where were the John's, the Sims', the Knights'? Where were the powerful and moving compositions? Where, in fact, was anything to arouse even mild comment or argument? There wasn't anything!

We crawled home, and sat miserably down to tea in a great grey silence, until my companion asked, in a wee, small voice, if one might find anywhere in London some John's, some Knights', or some Orpen's of note. We were told, that during the winter, a very select and exclusive number of artists, including the aforementioned, exhibit in a very exclusive gallery a few of their works chosen by a very exclusive hanging committee. And if one were exclusive enough to be in London at that time of year one might find numbered among one's acquaintances an exclusive soul who would consent to the responsibility of introducing you to this exclusive exhibit. I didn't see it!

What price the Royal Academy?

BY P. N. HARVEY.



ACTING PRINCIPAL J. E. H. MACDONALD

"His hairt's in the hielans"

DRAWING BY FRANZ JOHNSTON, A.R.C.A.

Sh— Sh— the Staff!!!

BY FRANCESCA.

OUR principal, of course (being the head of the institution), comes first, last and always. As he is somewhat of a recluse, our secret service agent has had difficulty finding anything about him that would make sensational reading.

It was rather amusing to watch him during the mad rush of enrolling of art-fevered, would-be students. His gleaming brow glistened with the sweat of bewilderment caused by the endless questions fired at him by all and sundry, and the funniest part of it all, was that he really tried to answer them seriously. He does everything that way, except—

There is a precious gleam of merriment in the eyes of this, our lanky principal. Look for it folks, it's worth finding.

The genial and rotund head of first year (as one of our after-dinner speakers hailed him) seems to be occupied with little other than work.

Of course he herds first year like an anxious shepherd dog drives the sheep, but they are not all lambs—although some of them come near being slaughtered by him.

It is said that his impersonation of Professor Heinrich Mudiddle, world's heavyweight champion, rapid-fire, mudiddler is becoming international in its fame. You should see it—or may be it is just as well.

Certainly under his husky guidance first year seems to be getting somewhere—just where—who knows!

Just why Stansfield's lingerie should be advertised by a huge illuminated sign at the corner of Bloor and Bay, is puzzling us all. Oh, well, they say it pays, etc., etc.

Gather round folks and I will tell you a bad time story: One evening recently, our crafty craftsman discovered a "boiglar" or rather a visitor, hanging around the front entrance of the school, juggling bricks, who, upon being questioned, said he was just engaged in his final rehearsal before appearing—upset. Mr. S. Pottery Craftsman's eyes took on an etruscan glaze, as the brick was "fired" through the window through which the cracksmen passed a gentle hand and removed the vault with all the school attendance records, also a purse.

Hurrying up to Hashmall's for some talcum, whereby he could fingerprint the culprit—Mr. S. returned to find that the eight-foot giant had painted himself out of the picture.

The master modelling master models masterfully. Many more might make modelling masterful if the modelling master made more modelling models masterfully. How—How—Hahn!

It is said that the husband of Miss Wynn Wood is to be seen flitting from tree to tree these spring mornings, listening with a dictaphone to catch the sweet warbles of the spring birds which it is said he can imitate so well that mating robins tried to nest in his whiskers—oh, well!

The admiral has been cruising west to the rockies and is now cooling up in Quebec.

Grizzlies beat it across the border at his thunderous approach, fearing the strong arm of our worthy life master.

By the time this is published (if ever) we will likely have had our vivisection exams. Then we will be able to put the skeleton back in it's closet.

Apart from this nonsense, we all wish Mr. Beatty a complete return to his old, robust self again.

"Spring is cub" and with it the history of art lectures, which our venerable wild-flower surgeon has so nimbly given us. May heaven rest his soul and spare our burdened minds—if any.

Since Mr. Reid has retired, Mr. Holmes is now conceded the art-teaching marathon champion's trip.

Challener chuckles cheerful over love stories.

Alfsen objects to being seen in bed.

Miss Hall—yes, he's waiting in the corridor.

Miss McKague, in the words of an Indian guide, is a darn good sport.

Miss Despard has a snooty horn on her baby Lincoln.

Miss Johnson loves a gloomy movie.

Miss Coomb's captivating titter is heard through the halls.

Miss Claire bathes in pools of silence.

Shirley to goodness this is enough.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

R.V.H.

Drawing by PHYLLIS HARVEY.

Commercial Art

M. HUTCHISON.

COMMERCIAL Art is a study which first puzzles the students of this college in their second year. That the school is able only to deal with two phases of the "game" is a pity, as the student only glimpses the full meaning of Commercial Art when preparing for the masquerade—when he must be designer, carpenter, mechanic, electrician, tinsmith, painter, paper—or more correctly hessian—hanger and creator of optical illusions.

The field of the Commercial Artist is unlimited. There are show cards, postcards, magazine, street car and newspaper advertisements (and covers), the illustration of books, scene painting, not to forget the illustrated weekly newspapers. There is that branch which deals with window decoration, store displays, stage settings, and the constructional decoration in architecture.

By a number of those artists who profess to do what is known as the "Fine Arts," the so-called "Commercial Artist" is thought to be of an inferior status.

Take up any magazine, glance through the advertisement sections, and you will notice that the best ads. are usually the most simple. It may only be a head and a bit of wording beautifully worked out.

Radical changes have been made in magazine covers. The first cover of *The Studio* was designed by Aubrey Beardsley. This was made up of minute details. Then there was a vast change from that cover, with its minute details, to one having two figures under a tree on a plain green background. This cover is an outline drawing of the Venus of Melos, the shaded mass outlined with a wing-like effect in the back in green and black on white stock.

In one downtown studio the artist employs a carpenter, workers in metal, wrought iron and brass tablets, draughtsmen, and both mechanical and architectural workers in plaster, and one supposes he would undertake, not only to build architectural models, show cards, illuminated signs, posters, window displays and lettering, but, if necessity demanded, to hang paper.

Let us give a resume (in the broadest sense) of Commercial Art. In Europe, formerly, there was a great tendency to copy the French idea of flowery and much elaborated posters, with endless lines of words. Then came the time of minute design, but having much unnecessary wording; and finally it was seen that, to put an idea across, the poster must "hit the onlooker in the eye" and be so plain that at a glance one could describe the design and the wording hours later. In this simplicity of poster work the English are masters, with the German and French running a close second.

In the nineteenth century, scientific research and the invention of labour-saving devices were the prevailing interest, and so it was only natural that Art was at a discount. But the men at the heads of large business concerns, in the interests of greater financial success, inevitably turned their attention to elaborate advertising campaigns as a means of creating a desire for their products. The public was in too great a hurry to listen to the prattle of a medieval town crier and was, on the whole, too lazy to read, so that the modern trend of advertising depends largely on the picture.

Now in connection with the window displays, in the mode de moderne, the tendency is towards the beautifully grotesque, and in a great number of cases the work is displayed on panels of different height, or possibly in groups of pyramidal shapes, the whole being artistically lighted with intersecting rays of coloured light.

We even have Commercial Art for dinner. For instance, in the menus of the Canadian Pacific Railways, which take the form of a folder, there is an illustration from some place of call in the itinerary of one of their annual world cruises. This suggests the mention of their illustrated booklets for these cruises, done by the menial commercial artist, and which are good enough to be framed and hung in the homes of even the most fastidious.

Commercial business life, being in its intensity on the up-grade, has caused radical changes in advertising policies, and more attention is paid to the artist through the work he places before the public. This necessitates the demand for men with ideas. But ideas are not all that is required; something more is needed, and that need is to be able to carry out the ideas so that they will convey their utmost to the public.

Here is an example of what is required of the poster artist. Jones and Co. commission an artist to do a poster for their breath-taking smelling salts. The artist has not to interest Jones in the salts, but must interest the public to such an extent that they cannot do without that particular brand of smelling salts. Another example—consider the picture of a sheltered nook, romantic, picturesque and alluring, may aid the mind in visualizing a good place in which to “spoon,” but it is bad psychology, however attractive and interesting it may be, to introduce it into a display of men’s boots or women’s hose, though with the latter there may be more nearly some connection.

After all is said and done, it finally comes to this—if an artist’s pictures sell only after his death he is a genius, but if he is able to sell them in this life he is a mere commercial artist.

Translated by Lee Byng

TO gaze upon the clouds of autumn—the wind so fresh, the sky so high—a soaring exaltation in the soul; to feel the spring breeze stirring wild exultant thoughts. Verdant hills high above—willows reflect on the stream below. What is there in the possession of jewels and gold to compare with delights like these? And then, to unroll the portfolio and spread the silk, and a bamboo brush to transfer to it the glories of flood and fell, the green forest, the blowing winds, the white water of the rushing cascade, as with a turn of the hand a divine spirit descends upon the scene. These are the joys of painting.

WANG WEI.



Decorative Drawing.

H. H. STANSFIELD, A.A.A.



Peace River

BY BETTY McNAUGHT.

MANY of us feel that the "West" pictured to us by pen and brush, has passed away, and that we see now only prairies made prosperous and commercial by a natural development. This is true to some extent in the southern and central parts of the western provinces, but there are yet vast areas of unsettled lands to their northwards, not wide stretches of prairie, but great wooded valleys and open lands, that have a wildness and breadth all their own.

It is to this last great west, that the Peace River district belongs. It is chiefly owing to its isolated position in the north-west corner of Alberta that its sleep has been such a long one.

Over twenty years ago, many rumors were spread abroad of this far reaching northern river, running from its head-waters in the Rocky Mountains, of British Columbia, to Lake Athabaska, at the extreme north-easteren corner of Alberta. They told of a country of lake dotted prairies, bound together by great wildernesses of wooded valleys and muskegs, and there, in turn, bound by a network of small and large rivers to the wide waters of the Peace.

The climate was said to be unlike that of the rest of the province, since the heavier rainfall caused a greater growth of vegetation in the summer, and deeper snows during the winter months, and that the chinook winds from over the mountain passes brought many soft spring-like days to shorten the long winters.

These and other tales fired the latent pioneer spirit of many people throughout America, the largest percentage from Ontario, to such an extent, that they left their different walks in life to go forth on the pioneer's road.

As before mentioned, this district is made up of several small isolated prairies, Grande Prairie, Pouce, Coupe, Spirit River and Peace River Crossing being the largest. These, until about 1908, were connected to one another by pack trails, and in some cases by rough wagon roads. Their nearest railway point was Edmonton, ranging from three to four hundred miles away.

Before the settlers started travelling over the Edmonton trail, those of the Mounted Police force, Hudson Bay posts, Catholic and Anglican Indian missions, and the scattered trappers, made up almost entirely the white population of the country.

Quickly following the inrush of settlers from Edmonton, the Edson trail was cut through, in 1911, which made a much shorter route for the newcomers, being a little less than three hundred miles from Edson to Grande Prairie. It was over this narrow wagon track, cut through heavy timber for a greater part of the way, that the bulk of the early settlers made their weary trek over mud and stumps.

It is with regret that many of the pioneers look back over those early years, and find that in most cases everyone was too busy with their daily problems, and the newness of everything, to think of making any written record, although a few carried cameras.

Thus, the scenes lived then are now but mental pictures in the minds of the pioneer few, and often they are brought to life again around the fireside.

They see again, hot days, long lines of wagons, drawn by panting horses and oxen, knee deep in mud, or rattling over rough corduroy, perhaps now they see them paused for rest, on some hill top, after the long climb.

Again they see the slow, ponderous ferries crossing back and forth across the rivers with their loads, the cattle too tired to be afraid, the children too excited to be tired.

The camp at night comes back, with the huge fire, and faces blurred by the flickering light. Sometimes the figures are listening to some story well told. Again, they may be all joining in the songs, or perhaps just enjoying the quietness and chance to rest after the long day. Faintly back comes the clear cow bells and the swish of the dark river below, and the trees above.

Possibly winter scenes are lived again. The long, narrow trail ahead, making its way through weird moss-draped spruce, then a bright clearing, with its low log stopping-house and stables, set deeply in their banks of snow, comes into view, and now they almost feel the clear sharp mornings, when the sleigh runners groan with the cold, and their oxen are white coated with frost.

It may seem that these are only memories, but there can still be much told beautifully on canvass of those old trails and sunken stopping houses, the deserted homesteads found here and there, tell their story of high hopes that could not weather the leaner years before the coming of the railroad, but above all, there, awaiting the painter's brush, lies a country, fresh from the dawn, pulsating with life and colour.





And up above the lonely unseen stars hold silver revelry.

Pen drawing by L. F. CASEY.

Summer Evening

Ontario College of Art Summer School, Port Pope

BY LAURA RIDDELL.

THE minutes so full; the day so long and yet time is not noted passing by the searchers of beauty. From them what a collection of impressions could be sorted out and threaded like beads. Glimpses of comedy would scintillate; dark tragedy might glow. Hopes, beliefs, or perhaps more often disbeliefs, would face and reflect their light. And yet it is the moments in which apparently there is nothing happening that gleam most tenderly.

Dinner is finished. Suddenly the jolly words whirling around are meaningless and I am gasping for the open air. I start for the door and am recalled to the fact that I have not returned my empty dishes to the wicket. Then escape.

Standing in the centre of the lawn there is a long boy with his rapt face turned upward. In my new exultant freedom I hail Moonbeam. There is a moment of silence and then he drawls out, "What were you saying Laura?" Impulsively I ask that we go awalking. He absent-mindedly agrees. and then briskly demands if there are not a lot more who would like to go also. My answer is to start off briskly up the old pine road.

After a few long strides, interrupted by the necessity of stopping and gathering pebbles to see what Goliath may be hit, he has caught up to me. He immediately demands an interesting experience of mine. That halts me. I cannot remember one because I am so absorbed in the distant pine that pierces the sky. Half listening to his comment on the feeling of the blaze of orange light that may be seen on the foliage at this time, I try to formulate some half-remembered incident that may be significant to him. In the brooding stillness that comes just before evening there is only the droning of my story, punctuated by the croak of a frog, which is only alluring in the darkness. It takes a long time for a girl to tell a personal experience so that by the time the story is finished much dust is collected from the highway to which we have turned. After stepping off the road for a furious car and standing for a moment with backs to the rolling whirlwind following, Moonbeam comments, "Oh, that is beautiful Laura. Do you know you've caught the spirit of the truth." We discuss life then. Not that either one of us knows much about it but that the child nature is to wonder.

But the sense of wonder is a mature one in a little while. We pass into the further end of Choate's woods. The stately beauty of the beech silences all but the crackling of the twigs under our footsteps. Emerging from the cathedral once more our voices become joyous. Moonbeam discovers the echo. We lean against the snake fence and call. At first Moonbeam experiments with moo's, and bow-wow's, until I suggest that he quote. My voice is too soft to carry well. Then "line upon line, precept upon precept," we build up the poem.

“The splendour falls on Castle Walls,
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Glancing up I discover, that all unnoticed, the sun is setting beyond our beloved trees. There is rose under the grey-blue layers of cloud in the west. We watch the ever changing colour for a while and then start trudging. The eye follows the great shadows of the clouds deepening into violet that roll over the undulating country. Near and far-off elm trees droop as if to rest. The finely graduated blues of distant field and wood melt almost imperceptibly into one another. The great shape of the barn to the right of us grows less distinct.

Before I feel that warm stir within me at the sight of the old mill peeping above the feathery willows and the sound of the unending exultation of the falling water the glow has faded from the low belt in the sky behind us. There is still a watery gleam of fading light under the upper purple clouds. Farther up, a lone star twinkles. The old rhyme is recalled :

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Get the wish I wish to-night.

Swinging forward we try a song. Moonbeam's high voice and my untrained one would not sound as musical to anyone else as to ourselves. We hear all that we want to put into the lilt. The bark of a dog emphasizes the hollowness—not the voices. I wonder if it is Angus, who appears to have made himself the studio mascot.

Finally, ahead, a yellow curtained window gleams and leaves its pattern on the grass. I swing back the old divided door and enter. Margaret is sitting on the table, dividing her time between teasing the nearest one and superintending the badminton game. Leslie puts up his hand to detain me and then comes over and asks in his nice quiet way, “Well, what has little Laura done to day?”

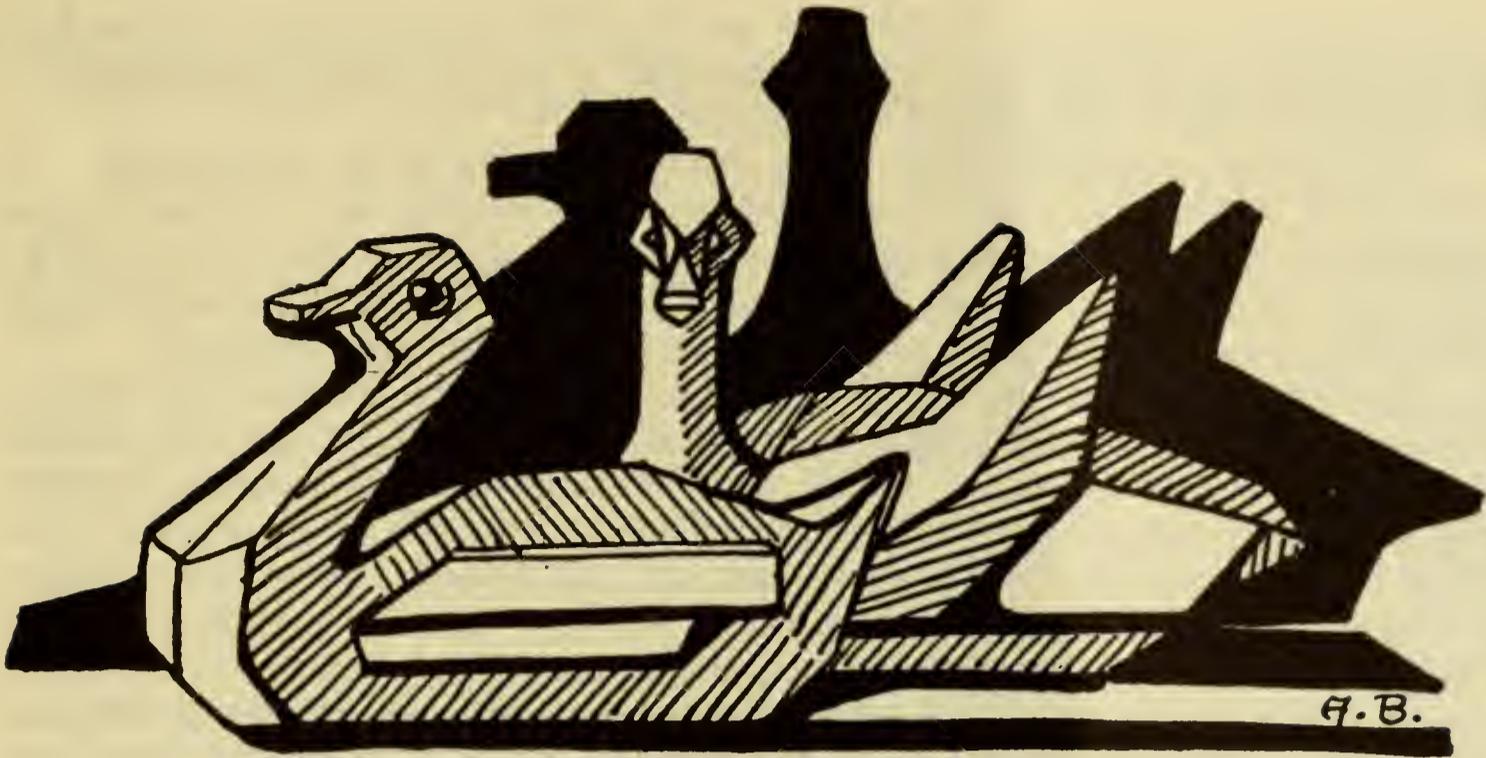
In the far corner Mr. Beatty is surrounded by his little group. He is talking of Spain and he calls with the peculiar lisp of the Spanish beggar “cinque centimes.”

But I am tired and do not tarry this time. Reluctantly I slip up stairs and light my candles. Their flickering rays seems to animate the shadowy form on my little silver crucifix. Above the recesses of the old beams are mysterious. Another day is over and I “cuddle doon.”

THE spring moon shining on my couch so bright,
I dream the white frost to be newly fallen
Into the night.

To the moon gazing with uplifted eyes
I feel the dim silhouette of yesterday.
Then droop in sighs.

SING HOO.



Modern Crafts

BY ANNORA BROWN.

OUR privilege is to live in an age when an entirely new art is being developed. No matter how prejudiced we are, it is difficult to get away from its influence. The new art is no longer a feature of galleries, where people gaze at it and make conjectures as to the mental state of the artist. It is an actual fact, and surrounds us in our everyday life.

This applies not merely to the pictures which we hang upon our walls and glance at occasionally when our thoughts are not preoccupied by the trivial but necessary tasks of life, for present-day psychology stresses the importance of restful and harmonious surroundings. An increasing effort is being made to translate art into the daily life of the people. Thus the crafts and so-called minor arts find themselves playing an extremely prominent part in artistic circles. Thus the designer assumes a position of responsibility and importance hitherto unknown. The structural simplicity of present-day architecture calls for a repetition in interior decoration. We can no longer imitate the art of bygone times, but must be as much of our age as our predecessors were of theirs in the great decorative periods of the past.

It has been the extremely difficult task of artists educated in strictly conventional and academic styles, and surrounded by historical masterpieces, to reduce the affected but graceful art of the past to a simple and harmonious expression.

The designer of to-day has thrown off the tyranny of ornate curves and scrolls and a confusion of detail, and is striving for frankness and sincerity of expression. This has resulted in the continued use of the straight line and the introduction of geometric forms and sharp angles.

Art has made use of scientific discoveries for the purpose of combining utility, beauty and economy to meet the needs of present-day life.

Furniture has received a great deal of attention from the designer—the emphasis being laid on utility. Iron is being increasingly used in its manufacture as well as asbestos and cork. The aim of the artist is to bring out the beauty of the material itself. Originality of design is characteristic of the

new furniture wrought of metal, and we find interesting effects obtained by the combination of various humble metals. In this sphere the names of Brague and Edgar Brandt play an important part.

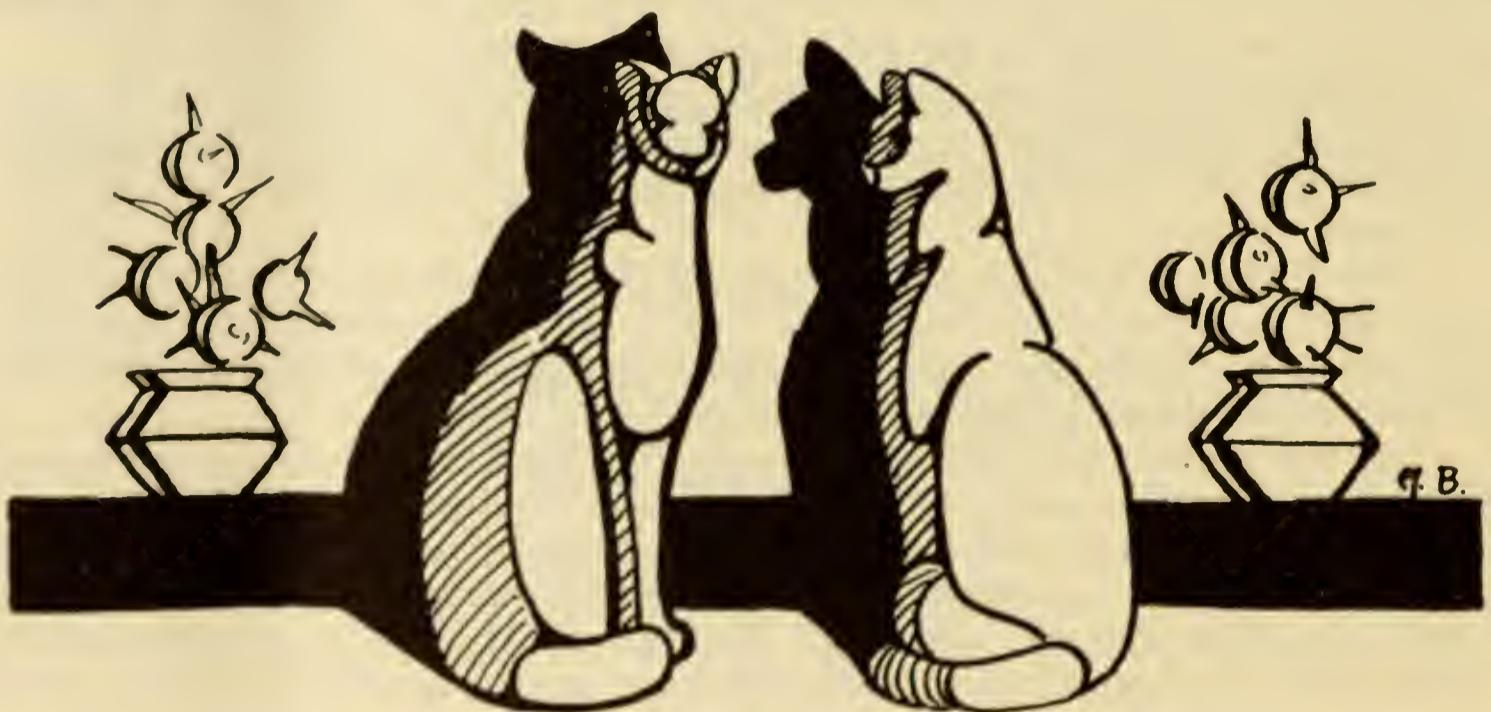
To achieve complete unity, color value has also to be considered. To this end the artist makes use of unusual woods of varied hue—bois de fresne, lemonwood, harewood, macassar ebony a strange golden yellow wood with black and cream markings in the grain, Indian laurel darker than walnut, and sycamore. Ebony veneer with white or ivory wood is a favorite.

Textiles have come in for their share of attention. Exotic and bizarre hand blocked fabrics of rich and magnificent coloring or delicate and refined according to the purpose for which it is intended, but all having for their unit some every day experience of the designer—a smoking outfit, an historical scene, the contents of a vanity case or a sketch of a country landscape, a circus or a scene in a restaurant. The name of Rodier is well known in this line as are also De Fosse, Poiret and Branchini.

In metal work as in other crafts the emphasis is given to durability and constructive quality. This is especially true of work in the richer metals as they must be designed to hold their places in furnishings for years to come. In silver work Duiforcar and Hoffman, of Vienna, are leading exponents of the new art. Copper is made more interesting by inlays of silver and by unusual coloring produced by various lacquers.

Pottery is not the least interesting of the crafts affected by the new movement. As a final distinctive touch to a room's decorations, a bright bit of glazed earthenware has no substitute and especially so in these days when the form and color of the container is so vital to the flower arrangement. Here also the lighter, more whimsical vein of the artist comes into play in the invention of quaint and amusing animal groups which please the eye in its demand for rythm and sweep of line, even while they bring a smile to the face. Decoeur, Lenoble and Goupy are familiar names in this craft, while Salique, Decorchemont and Goupy hold a unique position in the revival of decorative glassware.

This new movement though originated by the people of older countries has taken a firm hold of our imaginations and promises great scope and freedom to the craftsman who is willing to devote his energies to any of its various creative aspects.



The Make-Up and Illustration of Children's Books

BY VIOLET MCEWEN, *Children's Librarian, Toronto Public Library.*

DO you remember how Margaret Ogilvie read that best of adventure stories "Treasure Island"? How she held it down close to the fire, to get the light, because she could not spare a moment to light the gas; and how she could scarcely be persuaded to go to bed, because, as she said: "I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night, till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel."

This is surely the appeal that "Treasure Island" makes to the average boy reader; and yet, I know a library where a copy of "Treasure Island" has sat on the shelves for four long years—only circulating twelve times! It is a small copy, bound in dull brown, with no illustrations, and with the title printed on the cover in neat gold letters as though it were not too anxious to blazon its identity abroad. Next to it stand other copies of the same book in more attractive editions—not one of them so old in years—but each of them showing that it is already old in experience and enjoyment and that it will be worn out and replaced long before the other has begun to show signs of wear.

Perhaps every library should have at least one such book, to remind the librarian, if that is necessary, how great an influence the physical make-up of a book has in the children's choice.

It is unfortunate that often in buying our books we allow ourselves to be too much influenced by the apparent cheapness of a book, and pay too little attention to the form and appearance, the binding, the paper, the illustrations, even the size and thickness of a volume, all of which may greatly enhance its appeal.

We should insist upon having books attractive in make-up; printed on good paper and in clear type, and illustrated with significant pictures. It seems to me that the library which supplies even one such copy to its boy and girl readers is doing a far greater service to the community than the library which provides several cheaper copies of the same book regardless of how crude it may be in illustration and make-up.

Of course make-up and illustration alone will never make a poor book good, nor perhaps even a good book popular—but a dull looking exterior has caused many a child to miss the discovery of a treasure.

Have you never seen a child refuse an old copy of a book, for instance, "The Little Duke" or "The Prince and the Page" by Charlotte Young and then on finding the same book in the attractive edition, illustrated with such sympathy and understanding by Marguerite De Angeli, carry it off in triumph?

Perhaps never before has there been such interest shown in the production of good books for children as at present. "The first improvement that becomes apparent," says Mary Lamberton Becker in a recent survey of children's books, "is in production in typography, in make-up and especially in illustration—not in a few outstanding specimens but all along the line."

This, in a way, makes simpler the task of the librarian in choosing books, but it also increases the responsibility. We must consider not only the books we want for their content, but also the type of illustration and its value to the reader.

There is more to the choosing of the pictures we want in a book than just furnishing amusing illustrations for the children. We must remember that these illustrations may have much to do in the formation of taste and the awakening of the child's interest in art.

Speaking of children's books Mr. Lofting says:—"In making an appeal to the adult buyer too little attention is paid to the poor child. The double appeal will be secured automatically if the children's book is a good one—for children." Mr. Lofting is speaking of the content of the book. It is equally true when applied to illustration.

The appeal must be made to the child, but children being individuals of varying age and size do not always like the same things in illustration, and what appeals to one does not to another. There are, however, some general qualities which seem to be essential.

The great duty of the illustration is surely to enliven the text and to stimulate the imagination. Children want directness and simplicity in their illustrations. To them the desirable thing is a visualizing of the story. They love action and humour and a picture that tells a story. As Chesterton expresses it: "A certain mixture of impossibility and exact detail is the thing children love most."

There are too many illustrators of children's books who use the text merely as a point of departure, and whose illustrations are definitely independent creations. The work of Kay Nielson for Andersen's fairy tales might illustrate this. There is in these pictures an extreme delicacy of colour, and an imaginative beauty, but there is also a sophistication in the characters which is not in the spirit of Andersen, as are illustrations of Heath Robinson or Dulac. On the contrary there are illustrators like John Tenniel who has so perfectly realized the author's conception of "Alice in Wonderland," that one feels that no other Alice, be she ever so charming, could take the place of the delightfully solemn and serious favourite of our youth.

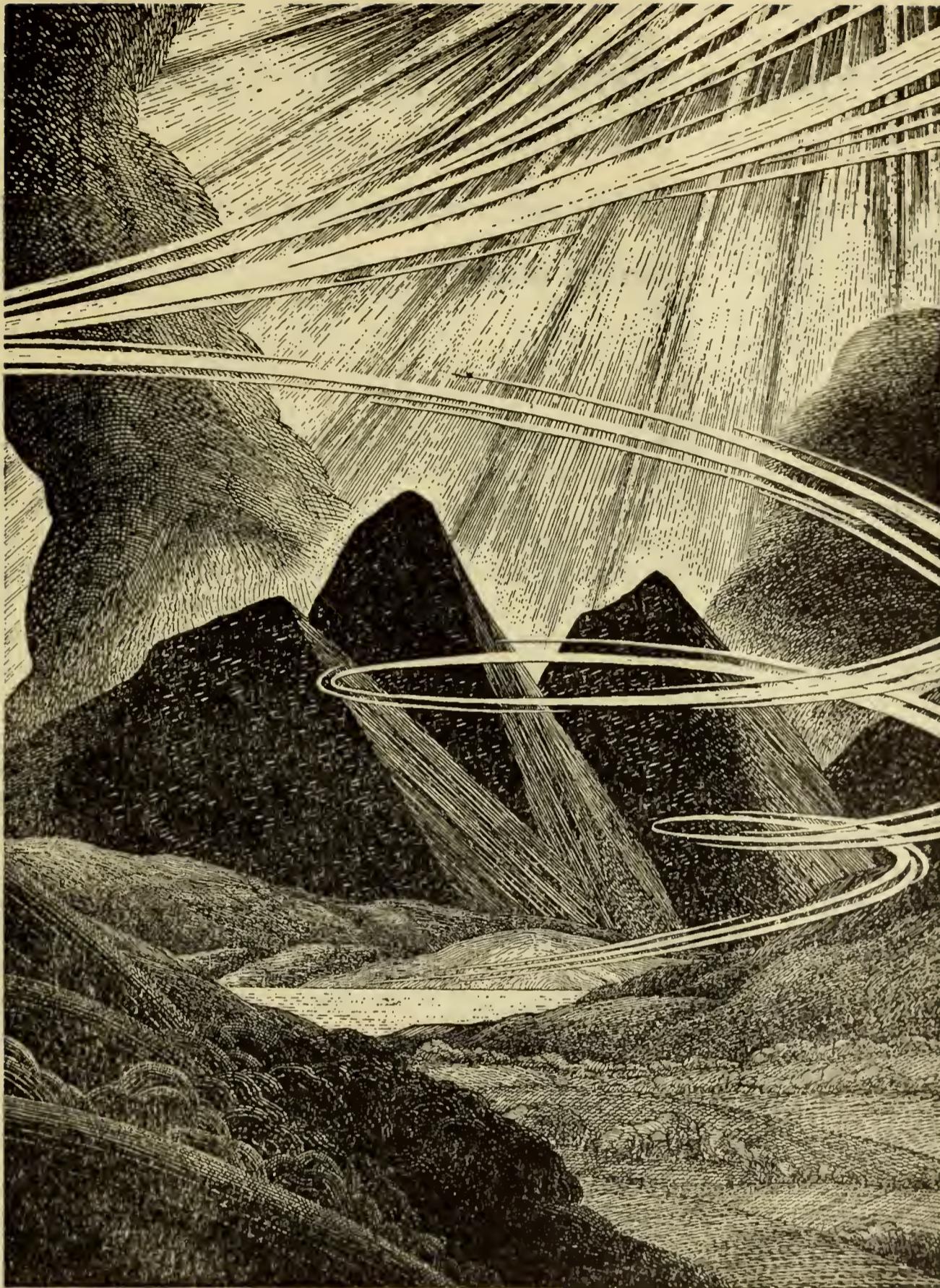
And could there have been a Christopher Robin or a Pooh-Bear, without an E. H. Shepard? One wonders, sometimes, so perfectly has Mr. Shepard visualized for us the charming fancies of Mr. Milne.

For very little children, of course, colour is obviously the thing—and what a wealth of material we have. What greater nursery favourites can we find than the illustrations of Leslie L. Booke? All the essentials of colour and drawing, story telling qualities, and a fresh and stimulating humour are there.

Randolph Caldecott and Walter Crane, too, are surely unsurpassed. With his clear colour and beauty of line, the former gives us not only pictures of the old nursery rhymes full of spirit, action, and humour, but also recreates for us, through his jolly farmers, and milkmaids, his gay children and fine ladies, the country England of the nineteenth century.

Of the latter Mr. Austin Dobson says: "Walter Crane has produced specimens of nursery art which for refinement of colouring and beauty of ornament cannot be surpassed." His illustrations are always decorative, and somewhat formal in effect, which perhaps makes his appeal stronger to the child of seven and upwards than to the very youngest child.

The quaint grace and charm of Kate Greenaway delights children of all ages. There is a simplicity and a joyousness about her children which combine with the delicacy of colour and grace of her work to give her a place all her own.



"He went by a whirlwind into Heaven."

A pen drawing by BERTRAM H. BROOKER.

One of a series illustrating the Book of Elijah, to be published this Fall
by the firm of William Edwin Rudge, Inc., New York.

How to Make a Bitten Etching

BY HARRY D. WALLACE.

IN the broader sense of the term, etching may be sub-divided into the following classes:—

- Bitten, or etching proper;
- Soft ground;
- Dry-point;
- Aquatint;
- Mezzotint.

Although this article is concerned only with the first of these, a rough outline of the others might not be altogether out of place.

Soft ground is a variant of the bitten etching, deriving its name from the fact that a soft instead of a hard ground is employed.

Dry-point is done by cutting or digging directly into the plate with the needle, no ground or acid being required. With this type only a limited number of impressions can be run off as the "bur" quickly wears down and the lines lose that soft velvety quality from which is derived its characteristic charm.

With aquatint and mezzotint, the procedure differs considerably, and it will suffice here merely to say that, whereas the bitten and dry-point etchings consist fundamentally of lines, aquatint and mezzotint rely solely on tone.

To achieve certain effects, combinations of these methods are sometimes employed.

It would not be possible, nor is it the intention, in an article of this length, to go into any but the simplest and most necessary details. For those sufficiently interested more elaborate and comprehensive instructions may be readily obtained from books devoted exclusively to this branch of art.

For convenience then, let us divide the making of a bitten etching into three parts, viz.:

- a. The plate and its preparation;
- b. The biting;
- c. The printing.

A.—The Plate and its Preparation.

We will assume that we are working on zinc and that the plate has been cut to the desired size. For a small plate, twelve-gauge zinc is sufficiently heavy yet thin enough to be readily cut with a pair of shears. To insure a smooth surface the plate is rubbed over with fine emery paper (not cloth), then washed thoroughly with turpentine and dried with a clean cloth.

Procure a cake of dark etching ground and dissolve it in about a third of a cup of turpentine. A convenient method is to break the cake into small pieces, place in the bottle with the turps and shake it until the wax is dissolved.

Being sure that the plate is free from every particle of dust, take a large camel-hair brush and, holding the plate tilted, lay the ground on from left to right, much as you would lay a wash on paper. Now hold the zinc by one corner (a small pair of pincers is very useful) and move it back and forth above a candle flame until the ground becomes evenly distributed and no

longer tends to flow. Reverse the plate now, so that the waxed surface is underneath, and move the candle back and forth so that the surface of the wax becomes darkened from the smoke. Should the flame be held too near the wax, the ground will burn and a new one have to be laid on. Allowing the prepared plate to stand for a day or two renders it more impervious to the acid.

The sketch may now be traced on to the ground, care being taken not to cut into it.

For a needle, almost any sharp-pointed tool will do, or a regular etching needle may be procured reasonably. Do not cut into the metal, yet make sure that the point leaves the lines quite free from wax. The design completed, the back and edges of the plate are coated with shellac.

B.—Biting.

Mix one part concentrated nitric acid with about five parts water. A small part of acetic acid may be added if very delicate lines are necessary. Into a glass or porcelain tray containing the acid, place the plate. Bubbles forming on the lines will indicate that the action is proceeding and these bubbles must be brushed off from time to time with a feather. Experience only will enable one to know when the lines have been sufficiently bitten, but it is generally the lesser evil to bite a little too deeply than not enough.

If it is desired that some lines be bitten only slightly, as for instance, clouds, the plate is removed from the acid, washed and allowed to dry, and the desired lines covered with asphaltum. Allow this to become hard and replace the plate in the acid. If so desired, this process may be repeated for the distance or middle distance, the foreground being left to bite longest of all.

When it is judged that the plate is sufficiently bitten, remove it from the acid bath, wash in water, and remove the ground with turpentine. The corners and edges of the plate are then bevelled with a file to ensure that the blankets will not be cut when in the press.

C.—Printing.

Any good black printer's ink, mixed with copperplate oil, will serve for the printing. Brown umber may, if desired, be mixed in it, to give a sepia tone. Rub the ink with the fingers, well into the lines. Then with a piece of tarlton, rolled into a soft ball, go over the plate and remove all excess ink until the required tone only is left. Use a fresh piece of tarlton to complete the wiping. Remove traces of ink around the edges with a piece of cloth, and lay the plate, design up, on the bed of the press.

Over this lay a sheet of damp etching or water colour paper, which has been well soaked to remove the size. On top of this lay a blotter and the etching blankets, and having previously tested the pressure, roll the plate through. The masterpiece is now completed.

I think that all those who have had experience in this work will agree that a satisfactory plate demands scrupulous attention to every little detail, and a print that has been rushed through from beginning to end in a couple of hours will not bear criticism. In other words, the success or failure of the plate, apart from the drawing itself, depends upon and is commensurate with the amount of real work and time expended in its making.

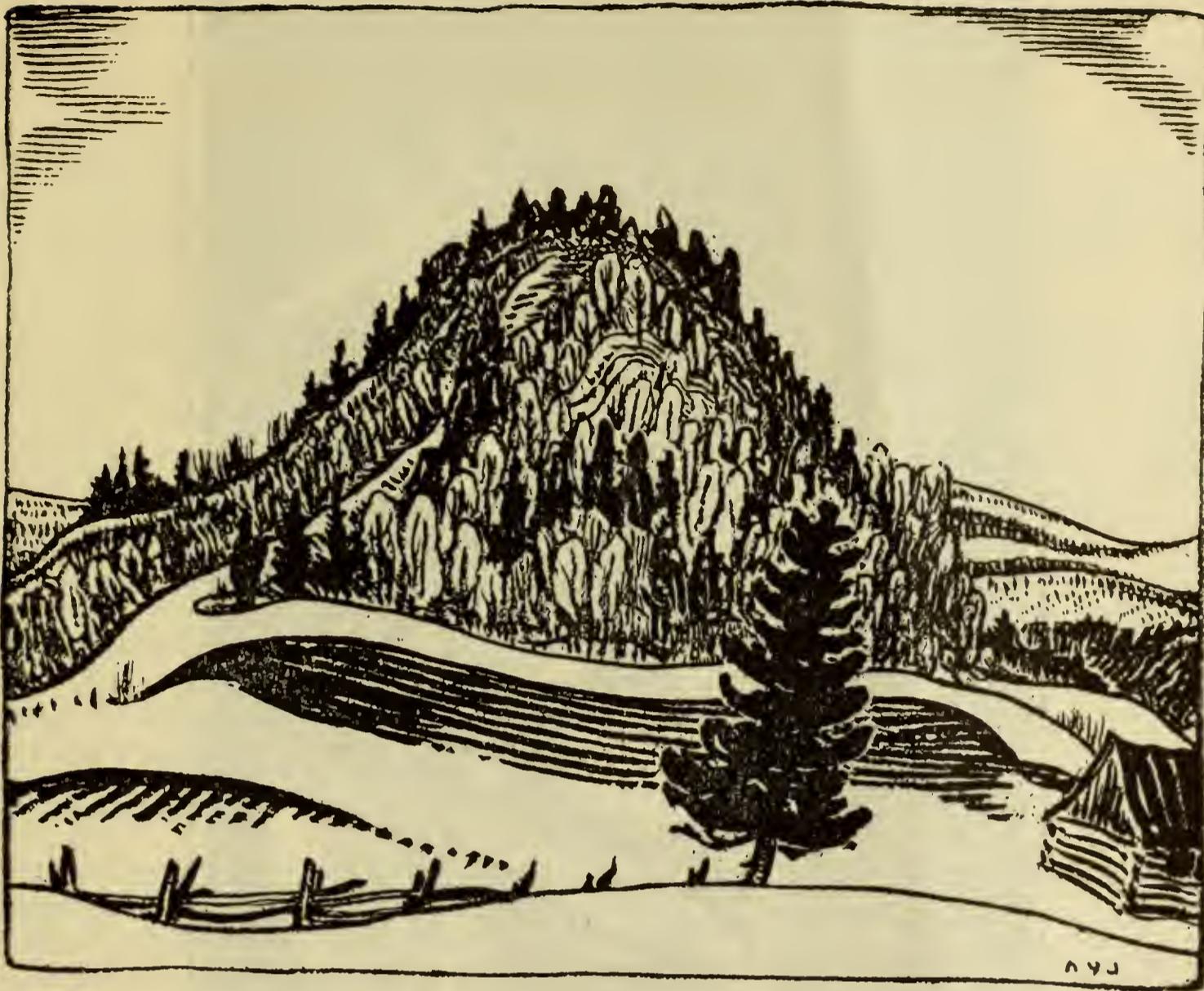
“There is Still Snow in Quebec”

A. Y. JACKSON.

THE middle of April, and winter still holding sway in St. Urbain; but slowly it is getting pried loose. The hills facing south are almost bare, the roads are mud and slush. The snow has all gone off the roofs, piles of field stones are emerging. They radiate the heat they receive, and the habitant, in smart riding breeches and fancy sweater, is taking loads of manure out to his fields and putting it in little rows, to the delight of Johnny Crow. But over the fields and in the woods the snow still lies deep. Slowly settling down, the frost at night hardens it up, and it takes the sun the whole morning to get to where he left off the day before; and then, after a hard day's thaw, it clouds up and starts another little snowstorm. Then there are the winds, which have a lot to do with artists. In the early spring they seem to be very variable. The south wind is pleasant and soft, but it is seldom one gets clean color with it. The east wind is raw, and generally comes with colorless days—hills twenty miles away seem as sharp and hard as objects in the foreground. The south-west wind can be very fine, boisterous and soul-stirring, tossing masses of clouds across the sky, and playing with lights and shadows over the landscape. But the west wind is the good old stand-by. Blue skies and cooler blue shadows on the snow, and everything radiant with color, particularly when there is a little north in it. The pure, undiluted north is sparkling, but with unsympathetic blue and violets, so clear they make the palette look like mud, and so with frozen paint and hands the artist, discouraged, goes back to the hotel trembling, and fills himself full of pea soup.

There is going to be little of the picturesque left for the next generation to paint. All these villages are being modernized—houses covered with asbestos shingle or pressed metal, brick encased standardized boxes with jig-saw ornamentation are replacing the old traditional houses. The old sleighs, locally or home-made, are giving way to art proof ones from the factory. Anaemic color schemes, supplied by the paint companies, are replacing the gay colors which were the natural expression of the people. But the artist will always find interesting relationships, and with the help of the snow, which takes the stiff lines away, covers up unwanted detail, and with light and shadow playing over it, there will still be problems to solve. The little vicissitudes of the artist might include such items: “Fresh snow—light so glaring you had to go round with your eyes closed, or else wear smoked glasses.” “Rained and froze in the night, the whole country covered with icing; shadows all shattered by reflections; had to wait three days for the sun to melt it off.” “Colorless, snow and sky alike. Fences and barns on hilltops floating in space.” “Rich grey skies, thaw, snow warm, almost yellow, subjects everywhere.” “Fall of very fluffy snow; it absorbs all the light and reflects nothing; grey, even with the sun on it.”

But to-day the sun is shining, and there is no wind at all, and I'm going to follow a road that goes up a hill. It keeps on through the bush, going up steadily, and eventually it comes out on a plateau with a little group of



EARLY SPRING—LAURENTIANS.

Pen Drawing by A. Y. JACKSON, R.C.A.

houses on it, the road marked by little spruce bushes stuck in on either side. A calvaire leans over sadly, tired from facing the ceaseless winds that blow. Poor land, very stony, but it was cleared years ago, before the ever-increasing Tremblays and Simards knew about the cotton factories in Connecticut. Now they are abandoning these places, where living is so hard, and going to Chicoutimi, which lies behind that sharp frieze of mountains lying along the north end of their plateau. Well, the sun is shining, the crows are flapping about, mostly in threes, and two of them are usually fighting. Every kid in St. Urbain has a dog hitched to a sleigh, and the dogs are crazy to see the snow go. The artists are going home to paint up their snow pictures.



YELLOW LADY SLIPPER.

Pen Drawing by ROBT. HOLMES, R.C.A.

A Ruskin Anthology

CONTRIBUTED BY MARION SMITH.

COMPILED BY WM. SLOAN KENNEDY.

I HAVE always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said, than by painfully saying it over again in one's own way.—Ruskin, "Fors Clavigera," vol. 1, p. 281.

A Workman Expresses Himself in His Work.—If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid, and the like. So that when you have once learned how to spell these most precious of all legends—pictures and buildings—you may read the characters of men and of nations.—"Athena," p. 80.

Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art treasures are into battlefields?—"A Joy Forever," p. 49.

All criticism of art, at whatever period of life, must be partial, warped more or less by the feelings of the person endeavoring to judge.—"Arrows of the Chase," I., p. 41.

Then, what are the merits of this Greek art, which makes it so exemplary for you? Well, not that it is beautiful, but that it is Right. All that it desires to do, it does; and all that it does, does well. You will find, as you advance in the knowledge of art, that its laws of self-restraint are very marvelous; that its peace of heart, and contentment in doing a simple thing, with only one or two qualities, restrictedly desired, and sufficiently attained, are a most wholesome element of education for you. . . .—"Athena," pp. 124-128.

Finishing means in art simply telling more truth.—"Modern Painters," vol. 3, p. 144.

If it were possible for art to give all the truths of nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which can be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some cases, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first; most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious sum.—"Modern Painters," vol. 3, p. 52.

Art is Founded in Truth, and Consists in Imagination. Having learned to represent actual appearances faithfully, if you have any human faculty of your own, visionary appearances will take place to you which will be nobler and more true than any actual or material appearances; and the realization of these is the function of every fine art, which is founded absolutely, therefore, in truth, and consists absolutely in imagination.—"Eagle's Nest," p. 91.

Color and Form. The man who can see all the greys, and reds, and purples in a peach will paint the peach rightly round and rightly altogether; but the man who has only studied its roundness may not see its purple and greys, and if he does will never get it to look like a peach; so that great power over color is always a sign of a large general art intellect. . . . To color well requires real talent and earnest study, and to color perfectly is the rarest and most precious power an artist can possess.—"Modern Painters," vol. 4, p. 67.

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